

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## A DRAWN GAME.

BY BASIL.

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### CHAPTER V. SCHOOL.

ARCHIE got from the boys the credit of "gameness," to which he had no claim. The child had simply been stupefied by the sudden and savage onslaught. So far from being fearless, he had a terror of his tormentor, which was in itself an agony, and to which no trouble of his after life was to be compared. This terror he never got over, and had no chance to get over. Mr. Kett came to dislike him intensely. Henceforth he always took the child's stupefaction for contumacy, and his dumb and dazed helplessness for defiance. It was a struggle for the mastery, and he would be master.

This idea Archie confirmed by his sudden lapses into seeming imbecility. He was clever enough, and could learn what he set his mind to learn; and he did set his mind to learn his lessons for the principal; but, if the principal was in one of his desolating tempers, the child got confused, and answered wildly, or not at all. Then Mr. Kett would strike him on the head with his clenched fist, and then everything was a blank. Archie couldn't have said the letters of the alphabet if his life depended on it. Then followed question upon question, each simpler than the last; then blow upon blow. It was sickening.

We say children know nothing of sorrow compared with their elders. It is their elders who know nothing of sorrow compared with their children. Their trouble looks to us as little as a cloud the size of a man's hand, but it is total eclipse to them, and eternal eclipse—eternal to their thinking. It may not last more than a day, but

in their thought it is eternal—no light, no hope, no future.

Poor Archie's school-life was a succession of such sorrows, for hardly a day passed without its beating. Nor was his life out of school happier, for there he fell into Skunk's clutches. This young gentleman bullied all the smaller boys, but those especially whose ill odour with his parent left them defenceless. And Archie had not only this claim upon Skunk's attention, but also that of having got the young bully put into Coventry by the boys. It happened in this way:

When Archie, the morning after his arrival, went to his box to get out paper to write to his mother, Skunk followed him, after his custom, to levy blackmail on the stores brought from home.

"I say, Guard, what have you got?"

Archie, after a moment's perplexity, thought he must refer to the money his uncle gave him for the servants and the boys.

"I've got one pound for the servants, and one to treat the boys."

"Crickey! two pounds! I'll tip 'em for you if you like. They're our servants, you know. Bildad, five bob; three to Polly, and three to Spots; five to Margaret (she's the cook); that's sixteen; and four to Fatty—or, if you like, five to Fatty and four to Bildad."

Bildad was the "shuhite," or shoe-cleaner, of the establishment.

"I don't know them," said Archie, handing over a sovereign without a misgiving.

"It's just as you like—it's your money, you know," said Skunk as he pocketed it. "But, I say, Guard," he continued confidentially, "what about the treat? The gov. doesn't allow treats. I tell you what, though, Bildad will get the lush for me if

I ask him. But you mustn't talk about it, or the gov. may get to know. Mind, now, you don't tell the fellows," pocketing the second sovereign.

Three days later Cochin said to Archie:

"Zeb"—Archie was christened "Zebra" by a facetious youth on sight of the weals on his back, seen while he was dressing the morning after the caning—"Zeb, we can get the things to-day."

"What things?"

"Didn't your uncle tell you he'd tipped me a sov. to treat the fellows?"

"No."

"He did, though, and Peck's got leave for town to-day."

"But if it's found out, Cochin?"

"How found out?"

"By Kett!"

"What's Kett to do with it if we don't go in for beer or baccy?"

"Skunk says it's safer to get it through Bildad."

"Did your uncle tip Skunk too?"

"No, but he gave me two pounds—one for the servants, and one for a treat; and Skunk's going to do it for me."

"Phew!" whistled Cochin. "Look here, Zeb, don't say a word about it, do you hear?"

"No; he told me not."

"Oh, he did, did he? then don't."

Cochin, having sought out Bildad and found as he expected that he hadn't got either tip or commission, bore down upon Skunk.

"Look here, boys," he said to a group, of which Skunk was one, "Peck's for town, and he's going to spend a sov. Zeb's uncle gave me to treat the fellows. What's it to be?"

Hereupon there was great rejoicing, and many and confusing suggestions.

"We can't do all that, nor half that, with a sov.," said Cochin decisively. "What do you say, Skunk?"

Skunk wasn't flattered by being so called, and said sulkily he'd nothing to do with it.

"You've as much to do with it as I have," retorted Cochin. "You've the other sov."

"What other sov.?"

"The sov. Zeb gave you to treat the fellows with."

Skunk, with a face of scarlet, produced it, muttering something about meaning to get the things himself to-morrow.

"And you meant to tip the servants

to-morrow with the other quid," sneered Cochin.

Skunk was thrown into Coventry for this ineffable villainy—the cheating of schoolfellows—and never forgave Archie for his share in the business. He was a dogged and deliberate bully. He bullied, not as other boys from delight in the sense of power, but for its own sake, seeming to take that kind of almost sensual pleasure in the sight of the sufferings of his victims which the Assyrians are supposed to have derived from the tortures of their captives. He went about the work in a plodding and methodical manner which did credit to his sense of duty and order. When he could get Archie to himself into a corner, he would take first his right arm and twist it till he cried out with pain, and then count accurately twenty blows with his fist on the biceps muscle; then he would take and twist in the same agonising way his left arm and give it its proportion, till the child could not use his arms in play or at meals without pain. Then he would set Archie against the wall and use him as a target for a fives' ball, or a pea-shooter. Many a time the wretched child escaped from school only to hide in a hole under the staircase, which led from the school-room to the play-room, to escape threatened assault from his tormentor. In this dismal hole he would spend, trembling, the hours the other boys spent in play.

We repeat that no older sorrow of man or woman who "looks before and after," is to be compared with the sorrow of a child who does not look beyond the moment. Archie's spirit was quite crushed under this unremitting tyranny in and out of school. He couldn't eat, wouldn't play, and, when he was let alone, he moped on his box in the box-room, reading over his letters from home. He was getting quite ill when things came at last to a climax in a round-about way, which it will take a few words to make intelligible.

Mr. Kett's scholarship was like the school he built with his wife's money, mere frontage—a vast surface, but all surface. The list of subjects printed on the monthly report sent to each parent was prodigious, portentous; but the bulk of these subjects was contained in two or three shallow and showy books. There was, for example, one rascally little humbug of a book of two hundred and twenty pages, which contributed no fewer than seven subjects to the list—astronomy, geology, geography, physiography, ethnology, physiology, and

anatomy. All these, as well as Latin, Greek, French, and German, were taught by the encyclopedic principal. In fact, he was a mere shop-window of a man, and consequently dogmatism itself. He knew so little as to think he knew everything. Therefore the main business of the boys was to show, not their own learning, but that of their principal. Indeed, as their fate hung upon his humour, their own learning was of no account to them at all. If he was in a bad humour they were thrashed, if he was in a good humour they escaped—utterly irrespective of their knowledge or ignorance of the work in hand. On gouty days especially the boys were taught to sympathise with the sufferings of their beloved principal. Then class after class was called up in quick succession, to go for a minute through the form of saying its lesson. But this form, like the reading of the Riot Act, was meant merely to legalise the slaughter which ensued.

On the other hand, when the principal was in good health and spirits, the boys had simply to draw him out on his favourite topics, and to listen to a mouldy scrap of the mere rind of science as to a new revelation, with eyes and mouth open as though they would never close again, and a gaze of such awe as that with which stout Cortez stared at the Pacific,

Silent upon a peak in Darien.

Now, the principal's favourite science was anthropology, not merely because it was the most encyclopedic of sciences, but chiefly because he had found a flint arrow-head among other curiosities he had bought at haphazard at an auction. On this subject he never wearied of speaking, nor the boys of listening—in lesson-hours. Among these youths there was a turncock, so to speak, named Snape, who was always set on to tap Kett, to ask with a simple perplexity such questions as would draw the principal out upon his favourite topic. Master Snape had two qualifications for the post. In the first place he came from a village with the incredible name of Giggleswick, where there is a museum stored with the anthropological treasures exhumed from the famous Settle Cave. In the second place, the youth had a cherubic face, a countenance all wonder and innocence, which he could keep in the most trying circumstances. A most ingenuous youth was Master Snape, round-eyed, round-cheeked, with an ever ready smooth and round unvarnished tale—a youth afflicted with a dipsomania for information.

Like Bacon, he took all learning for his province, Mr. Kett being the encyclopedia in which he studied it.

To this youth it had occurred to give some part of his holiday to the composition of a work of his own. It was a desultory but graphic production. With the help of a hammer, a stone chisel, a file, and a gimlet, he manufactured fair imitations of the Giggleswick treasures, flint flakes, and arrow-heads—rude, indeed, but creditable to savages of the year 1,000,000 B.C.—and awls, and needles of bone. A few pieces of broken pottery and old iron supplied the chapter given to Roman remains, while the padding of his history was made up mostly of the teeth of horses, oxen, dogs, and men. To these priceless treasures Master Snape, being not without a sense of humour, had added the charred and splintered remains of a gigantic paper-knife, which had been the pride of the principal and the terror of the school. Mr. Kett, when in a bad temper, used to wield it as an offensive weapon—a most offensive weapon. He never could see a knuckle without rapping it therewith; and when he took it off his desk, every knuckle, not engaged in writing, used to shoot out of sight into a pocket, like a rabbit into its burrow when the keeper is on his round. Master Snape, who was not as expert at writing copies as at writing history, got to hate this bastinado with a rancorous intensity, and at last stole it on the morning when the school broke up. Yet, on its reassembling, with a rare honesty, he not only restored it, but restored it enhanced in value a thousandfold. For of all the anthropological treasures he brought back with him, Mr. Kett thought most of these charred fragments of the paper-knife, since they gave most scope for bold speculation. The other antiquities had their end and origin unmistakably written on them, but these splinters might have been anything, and therefore admitted, like a prophecy, of the most fearless and dogmatic interpretation.

These relics, which probably would have imposed only on such a pretentious impostor as Kett, and on him only when presented by so plausible an impostor as this cherub-faced Chatterton of a Snape, were treasured in a glass-case, which the principal henceforth called a museum. They were said by Master Snape to have been collected by an uncle of his who lived at Skipton, and who was only too glad to present them to the

principal in acknowledgment of his kindness to his nephew. By this bold stroke Master Snape not only gained favour with the principal and fame with the boys, but seven shillings also, the amount of shilling bets made with schoolfellows that he would not only steal the paper-knife but be thanked for the theft. But Master Snape came soon to know the value of

The noisy praise  
Of giddy crowds, as changeable as winds,  
Servants to chance, and blowing in the tide  
Of swollen success; but veering with the ebb,  
It leaves the channel dry.

For Mr. Kett was so proud of his acquisition that, in the first place, he had at once printed and forwarded to the parents of his pupils this postscript to the prospectus:

"Attached to the college is a museum containing a collection, unique in its kind, of Roman, British, savage, archæological, and palæontological remains of supreme intrinsic interest and of incalculable advantage to such of the students as prefer to peruse the pre-Christian and pre-historic past by direct rather than by reflected light, and to take primeval man himself as their guide in sounding on the dim paths of anthropology."

This was the first innocent outburst of pride manifested by Mr. Kett on being presented by this young Greek with these gifts. But the second was not innocent by any means, for the principal at once instituted a weekly lecture on the relics, and gave it on the Wednesday half-holiday. And what made the thing maddening was that this thrice-confounded lecture was given in the middle of the half-holiday, for Kett took some time to prepare it. Just as the boys got into swing at cricket, football etc., the great bell would ring out, and with an outburst of passion and strong language the boys would slink in with the cheery alacrity of a costermonger's donkey being backed into the shafts not without kicks. Even Master Snape himself (better known by the name of "Leery") was disgusted by being hoist with his own petard. No doubt it was flattering to an author's vanity to have his books held up to the admiration of his contemporaries as "perhaps the most perfect existing specimens of the tools and weapons of the palæolithic age;" but the lecture itself was a big price to pay for it, to say nothing of the after-execration with which he was overwhelmed. It is true, the lecture was voluntary. No one need have attended it who did not like. But who dared not to enjoy it? Mr. Kett would

have liked to have seen that boy. But he never did. The boys crushed in in crowds to hear their eloquent and beloved preceptor. When they had all assembled in the dining-room—for the lecture; as being a banquet, not a task; was given in the dining-room rather than in the schoolroom—when, we say, the boys had all assembled in the dining-room, the principal would burst in abruptly, after the manner of popular lecturers, to be received with deafening applause from sore hands and sorer hearts. Poor Archie, on the occasion we are speaking of—the third lecture—did not applaud. The child was seriously ill, had a splitting headache, and hardly knew where he was. Therefore he did not applaud, and was noted by Kett as being contumaciously sullen and silent.

On this occasion the lecture was upon the charred fragments of the paper-knife, which, as we have said, had a singular fascination for the principal. They were like the number of the beast. Any one might make anything he liked out of them with the least ingenuity. Mr. Kett made a harpoon out of them, and found distinct traces of a barb in one of the fragments.

"Gentlemen, in my last two lectures I went through all the evidence geological, palæontological, archæological, and climatological for the extreme antiquity of these wrecks and relics, jetsam and flotsam flung at our feet by the waves of the ocean of Time, giving us some dim idea of the unsearchable riches lost in its depths. This afternoon I have chosen for my subject, perhaps the most instructive, certainly the most interesting of all those immemorial and mysterious messages from 'that unfathomable sea whose waves are years.' What is that? What is it, I ask, that I hold this moment in my hand?" holding up the charred fragments of the paper-knife. Here the stillness of suspense was oppressive. "Who shaped this thus, and for what purpose was it so shaped? Where now is the hand which chopped out this burnt, blunted, and broken, but still unmistakable barb?" fixing Leery—always the most spell-bound of his auditors—with one questioning eye.

Every other eye also was fastened on the youth with lurid reproach; while two kicks, simultaneously administered by the fellows at either side of him, tried to rouse him to self-consciousness, but tried in vain. His mind was far away in the primeval past, roaming wild in woods with the noble savage.



"How long is it," continued the lecturer, "how long is it since this harpoon, impelled by a savage hand, struck the quivering flesh of its defenceless victim?"

None knew better than Leery, who here asked with wide-eyed eagerness:

"Was it a whale, sir, please?"

"It may have been a whale, sir, or it may not have been a whale, sir," cried the justly enraged lecturer, completely put out by this interruption in the full flow and flood of his eloquence. "Will you allow me, sir, or, if you will not allow me, sir—will you allow this piece of bone to tell its own story in its own way? Man may lie, history may lie, books may lie, but this piece of bone cannot lie. Look at it. Was it shaped yesterday? Or will you tell me it was not shaped by the hand of man?"

"Oh no, sir," humbly replied Leery with pathetic earnestness.

"With your permission, then, sir, I shall resume where I was interrupted, and ask you, gentlemen, to picture to yourselves the man who wielded once this weapon, what he was and when he lived. He was a savage," tremendous applause, clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and a choked cheer from Bolus, in all which the pent-up exasperation of the audience found vent.

The lecturer was, for a moment, taken aback by the unexpected applause, but ascribed it to his demolition of Leery, and resumed, therefore, with still more spirit and emphasis:

"Yes, gentlemen, in some respects he was little better than a wild beast."

Here the applause broke out again with such fury that the principal thought all was not right, and glaring round for an example, fixed upon the ever-luckless Bolus, who was pounding the floor with a cricket-bat in a perfect frenzy of approbation.

"Master Bell, this is not the place, and that is not the use, for a cricket-bat."

That was all. He said no more, but it was enough. The eye of the man expressed as plainly as words a promise to pay Master Bell one day after date a thorough thrashing. It would not do to thrash him for applause, or to scare the audience from the lectures, but Mr. Kett knew well how to nurse his wrath to keep it warm. Bolus also knew, as well as if he had the I O U in his pocket, that he would be paid his due to-morrow, with interest; and the bitterness in his heart towards the founder of the museum over-

flowed. For the rest of the lecture the audience was as still and sad as a brood of birds under a hawk's shadow.

The lecture over, the ill-starred Bolus went about stirring sedition among the chiefs. Though but a youth he was plucky, and had boxed his way up to the House of Lords. Now he got its members together by an urgent whip into their chamber, the box-room, to consider whether Leery, the Frankenstein who had called this monster, the museum, into existence, was not bound to destroy it or be himself destroyed by it and with it, through a disclosure of the cheat to "Fet," and through him to his father.

What all this has to do with Archie's fortunes we shall proceed to tell in the next chapter.

## CHRONICLES OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

### LINCOLNSHIRE. PART II.

FROM Grimsby, the old post-road leads through a pleasant country to Caistor, —sometimes called Thorny Castor—where numerous Roman remains bear witness to its former importance as a Roman station. The church, itself ancient, is built upon the site of the old Saxon or Danish fortress of Thong Castle, with a story attached of a gift by the king to one of his followers of as much land as he could cover with the skin of an ox. The spirited grantee cut the skin into thongs, and thus enclosed a goodly share of mother earth. The same story is also attached to a Thong Castle near Sittingbourne in Kent. From Caistor the road northwards to the Humber is noticeable for the number of villages and hamlets, nearly all with the termination "by," showing the settlements to have been originally Danish, a line of settlements beginning with Tealby near Market Rasen, and ending with Ferriby, where there is a ferry over the Humber; the villages mostly snugly placed at the foot of the hill ridge. The population of this part of Lincolnshire is distinctly Scandinavian in character, the people tall, sanguine, sandy or red haired, sociable and hospitable.

But most people take the iron road from Grimsby—the railway that runs straight as an arrow over the wide-spreading wolds to Louth, with its fine steeple before-mentioned, a landmark for all the country round; its excellent grammar-school of

the date of Edward the Sixth, and at Louth Park the remains of a small abbey, an offshoot from Fountains in Yorkshire. To the south the monotony of the wolds is relieved by a district of parks and woodlands. There is Burwell with a small priory, once a cell to the abbey of St. Mary, Bordeaux, while at Burwell Park was born the vivacious Sarah Jennings, victor over the conqueror of Blenheim and Ramilies. Then there is Belleau, with the copious springs that obtained from the village its fine Norman name, and the ruins of a building locally known as The Abbey, in reality an ancient mansion of the Berties, Earls of Lindsey.

But to start from Lincoln again as a centre, and follow the course of the river, where, as Drayton has it,

Delicious Wytham leads to lively Botolph's town.

The railway follows the course of the river through a landscape something of the Dutch school, flat and fertile, with watercourses and canals, and cattle quietly grazing, while

From the dark fen the oxen's low

hardly disturbs the quietude of the scene. Bardney lies to the left, an ancient Saxon settlement, with the foundations of an old abbey that had for its first abbot King Ethelred of Mercia, who founded it in the seventh century; and a large earthen tumulus which is reputed to be the king's sepulchre. The Danes, of course, destroyed the monastery, but one of the Conqueror's barons refounded the abbey, and peopled it with Benedictine monks. Lower down the river is Kirkstead, with its abbey or priory, a small Cistercian offshoot of Rievaulx in Yorkshire. The ancient priory chapel, of beautiful Early English style, is now the parish church. The living is a donative, and exempt from the Bishop of Lincoln's jurisdiction, and during the last century it was held by a succession of Nonconformist ministers, the patron of the living being then of the same persuasion. Near Kirkstead is a curious solitary tower of brick, known as Moor Tower, said to have been designed as a watch-tower for Tattershall Castle.

For Tattershall Castle is now well in view, an immense square brick tower, defended by enormous fosses; the latter belonging to the earlier Norman castle that occupied the site, one of the early feudal castles built to bridle the fen-men, and guard against possible invaders from Scandinavia. The present castle was built

by Sir Ralph Cromwell, treasurer of the exchequer to King Henry the Sixth. Subsequently the castle came into the possession of the Crown, and was granted by Henry the Seventh to his mother, the cold and stately Countess of Derby and Richmond, a woman whose influence was much felt in the fen-countries in her day, as she had a keen interest in the improvement of her property in the way of embankment and reclamation. The castle reverting to the Crown, Edward the Sixth gave it to Edward, Lord Clinton, who was afterwards created Earl of Lincoln, an ancestor of the present Duke of Newcastle.

Tattershall lies at the junction of the little river Bain with the main river, and guards the road to the richest and pleasantest part of Lincolnshire, a district covered with towns, hamlets, and country seats. Here lies Horncastle, noted for its horse and cattle fairs, once Hynchester, and, as its name implies, a fortified Roman station; and the general coincidence of famous fairs and markets with important Roman centres seems to point to the continuous existence of these great gatherings from very remote periods. Near Horncastle is Scrivelsby, the ancient seat of the Marmions.

They hailed Lord Marmion,  
They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,  
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelsbaye,

though in reality the main stem of the Marmions merged in females in the reign of Edward the First, and the Lord Marmion of the poem has no counterpart in history. But the incident on which the poem of Marmion is founded, actually began in Lincolnshire, as Leland relates: "About this tyme, in the reign of Edward ii, there was a greate feste made in Lincolnshir to which came many gentlemen and ladies; and amonge them one lady brought a heaulme for a man of werre with a very riche creste of gold to William Marmion knight . . . that he should go into the daungerest place in England and ther to let the heaulme be seene and known as famous." And hence Sir William, who must have been of some younger branch of the house of Marmion, made his way to Norham, on the Scotch border, as best fulfilling the above conditions.

The Marmions were hereditary champions of England, having filled the same office in the ducal court of Normandy, and continuing to champion their patrons after they became kings of England. When the line of Marmions ended in co-heiresses,

the Dymokes, who had secured one of the heiresses, secured also the championship, with the manor of Scrivelsby, to which it was attached. The story has been often told, how at the coronation of George the Second, somebody in the Pretender's interest—a skilful swordsman, it was said—disguised as an old woman, picked up the glove which the champion had thrown down, and demanded a meeting in St. James's Park on the following day. It is hardly necessary to say that the hereditary champion did not appear on the field of battle.

A few miles to the eastward of Scrivelsby lies Bolingbroke, with some remains of an ancient castle, built by William de Romara, who claimed the earldom of Lincoln through the Godiva strain of blood, it will be remembered. Descending to an heiress, this castle was lost for love; the lady preferring a man of her own choice to the official candidate for her hand, proposed by King Edward the Second, her guardian—a contempt of court that was punished by the forfeiture of the castle to the Crown. And thus in the next reign the castle came to John of Gaunt; and within its rugged walls was born the eldest son of John and his first wife, Blanche; the haughty Bolingbroke, whom all who witnessed the Kean revival of Shakespeare's Richard the Second at the Princess's Theatre will associate with the imposing presence of the now veteran Mr. Ryder. Still some miles to the eastward lies Spilsby, the chief town of this border country between wold and fen, and with extensive prospects of the wide expanse of fen country below.

We are now fairly on the margin of the great fen country, and—in view of these now fertile plains where corn is waving, or where the plough is turning up the rich, black, peaty soil, while elsewhere cattle are grazing, and the sheep feeding by hundreds, on what in old times was a dreary watery waste—a natural curiosity arises to know something of the history of the reclamation of this vast tract of country, and something, too, of the former dwellers in the watery wilderness. Of these last Camden gives us the first distinct account:

"They that inhabit this fennish country (and all the rest beside which form the edge and borders of Suffolk, as far as Wainfleet in Lincolnshire, contains three score and eight miles, and millions of acres) were in the Saxon times called Gyrvi, that is Fenmen or Fendwellers, a kind of people according to the nature of the place where

they dwelt, rude, uncivil, and envious to all others whom they call upland-men; who stalking on high upon stilts, apply their minds to grazing, fishing, or fowling."

The men upon stilts may still be seen here and there, and there are nooks and corners of the fen country where fishing and fowling are still pursued as distinct callings. In other parts the ancient fame of Lincolnshire fens for geese, is not altogether lost sight of. Here may be met the gozzard or gooseherd who drives the geese of the whole village to the water twice a day, the geese on returning filing off to their respective habitations with the utmost gravity and decorum. According to old-fashioned ways the geese were kept—perhaps are still kept—in the cottages of their owners, where they occupied wicker pens, arranged in three flats or storeys, one above the other. At Brothertoft, a village near Boston, the qualification for parochial offices was the number of geese of which a man was the owner.

Nor can a man be raised to dignity,  
But as his geese increase and multiply.

The poor geese underwent a good deal of plucking—five times a year according to the orthodox method. At Lady Day for quills and feathers, and again at Midsummer, Lammas, Michaelmas, and Martinmas. It was said that the geese had no objection to being plucked, as the operation was performed when the feathers were ripe for coming out. Anyhow, the steel pen has replaced the goose-quill, and the spring-mattress the feather-bed; and the goose is now reared chiefly for the table.

In addition to fowl, both wild and tame, the fen-men grazed a certain number of sheep and cattle, for which they had plentiful feed in the summer time, while they made hay when the sun shone, and the rivers had retired within their channels, and the boundless plains were green with the rank fat herbage. Enclosures of any kind were few, but the boundaries of parishes were well defined, and each parish had its own special form of brand, with which all the cattle and sheep of the parishioners were bound to be marked. Then on certain appointed days in spring and autumn the fen-reeves met to exchange and return all strayed animals, and generally to discuss the affairs of the fens.

We get a glimpse of the fen-men in their habits as they live in some of the engravings of the last century—these Gyrvi, as Camden calls them (a name rather Welsh



than Saxon, with deference to the celebrated "nourice of antiquity"); Breedlings, or Slodgers as they were called in more modern times—strange uncouth figures with a rude mantle or short cloak over the shoulders, long boots reaching to the hips, and slouched hats. Rude and uncivil they may have been to the last, in respect of upland-men, but then it must be remembered that most of their visitors were not unjustly to be suspected of the amiable desire of improving the poor fen-men off from the face of the land, where they and their forefathers for generations had lived hardly and honestly.

As to the origin of the fens in their fennish condition, whether they are due to the gradual elevation of the land leaving a once shallow archipelago to be annexed to the dominions of the human family, or to the distinctly contrary operation of Nature by which originally habitable lands have been drowned and overspread by the sea, it is not within the province of the chronicler to enquire. The former would seem the more probable account, although it is difficult to explain the existence of an extensive forest, traces of which are often brought to light, buried under the peaty soil. But in whatever way the fens were formed, there is evidence of early and persistent efforts to drain and reclaim them. The so-called Roman banks, which at different points defend the lowlands from the sea, seem to be part of an extensive scheme of reclamation, which, if it was not attempted by the Romans themselves, it is difficult to ascribe to any other race. The Carr Dyke, a really fine work, that would do credit to the age of Brindley or Stephenson, is a channel of forty miles in length, sixty feet in width, with a broad flat bank, connecting the rivers Welland and Witham. This channel seems to have been designed as a catch-water drain, to intercept the waters from the uplands, and if the Romans had no hand in it—for there is no record of its origin—it only remains to ascribe it to that cunning master of works who has hollowed out so many punch-bowls, raised so many dykes and embankments, and even built a bridge or two in various parts of the land.

But coming to firmer ground, among the quaking fens of history, we find that even before the Norman conquest the religious houses, so thickly scattered among the fens, began or resumed the work of reclamation. Causeways were made here and there, and embankments to confine the

rivers within their channels. Soon after the Conquest, one of William's trusted officers, Richard de Rulos, took Deeping Fen in hand, and according to Dugdale, "excluding the Welland with a mighty bank, he reduces those low grounds, which were before time deep lakes and impassable fens, into most fruitful fields and pastures, and the most humid and moorish into a garden of pleasure." But promising as was this beginning, little more was done for centuries. We come to the reign of Henry the Seventh before we find another systematic attempt at reclamation; and then, under the influence of Margaret, Countess of Derby and Richmond, Witham Marshes were attacked. There were no English engineers, it seems, capable of undertaking the work, and one Mayhave Hake, of Graveling, a Fleming, was engaged to conduct the enterprise. The iron-work required was shipped from Calais, no doubt forged in Flemish workshops. The management of the drains and banks when completed was to be according to the law of Romney Marsh, a code of high antiquity. From this time the work of reclamation went on, but in an intermittent, desultory way. Then came the efforts to reclaim the north fens which drain into the Trent and Humber—the Axholme and Hatfield districts, that is, which have already been described; and, encouraged by the partial success of this undertaking, Francis, Earl of Bedford, with thirteen other gentleman-adventurers, obtained a concession from Charles the First, which authorised them to attempt the reclamation of the great level which stretched from the mouth of the Welland far into the counties of Cambridge, Huntingdon, Northampton, Norfolk, and Suffolk, a tract of three hundred and ten thousand acres, afterwards known as the Bedford Level. The great channel, called the Old Bedford River—cutting off a great bend of the river Ouse—was the chief work of these adventurers. But the civil wars between Charles and his Parliament interrupted the enterprise, and the commoners and fen-men in the confusion of the times did their best to ruin and destroy the works already made. Under the firm rule of the Commonwealth, the work of reclamation was resumed by the son of Earl Francis, afterwards the first Duke of Bedford. Vermuyden was appointed engineer in chief, and the new Bedford river, running parallel to the old one, was the result of the enterprise. But while much land was reclaimed



for the benefit of the adventurers, the effect upon the rest of the fens was hardly satisfactory, as much land, that was pretty dry before, was made swampy, and wet land was rendered wetter still. This was owing to a neglect of the outfalls of the rivers and their estuaries, which was only retrieved by a more systematic and comprehensive plan of drainage devised by the great engineer Rennie, towards the end of the eighteenth century. Since that time, except for an occasional breaking forth of the waters in times of flood and tempest, the fens have to show a satisfactory record of agricultural prosperity.

When the fens were a wide watery waste, East Holland, where there was a strip of firm ground protected from the sea by the ancient Roman banks, was practically more closely connected than now with the Holland on the other side of the North Sea. And Boston—lively Botolph's town—was probably more in sympathy with the free cities of the Low Countries opposite, than with the feudal land on the other side of the fens. Thus, when in 1612, one John Cotton, Fellow of Magdalen, Cambridge, was elected Vicar of Boston, his bishop, Barlow, of Lincoln, warns him as to the proclivities of his flock. "A factious people," writes the bishop, "imbued with the Puritan spirit." Cotton, however, was more in sympathy with his flock than with his bishop; and he expounded the word in the grand old parish church of St. Botolph in a way that drew about him the thoughtful and austere—the men who considered the ritual of the Church as so many rags of Popery. Already many of this way of thinking had separated themselves from the Established Church. In 1602 there existed two congregations of Puritan Separatists, one at Gainsbro', on the banks of the Trent, and the second at Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, and these being subject to the severe laws against Nonconformity then existing, determined to seek religious freedom in Holland. Some of these were intercepted at Boston, and forced to return to their former homes. But eventually the bulk of them found their way to Holland, where they remained for eleven years—not very prosperous, it seems, nor contented, but feeling themselves pilgrims in a strange country, while the land of promise was as yet unrevealed to them. This land of promise they resolved to seek at last in the new world, and chartered the now famous Mayflower, in which they sailed from Plymouth, and

crossing the Atlantic in a long and tedious voyage, landed at Cape Cod, and presently founded a settlement which they called, in remembrance of the old country, New Plymouth. Soon after, Winthrop, probably a Lincolnshire man, and a large company of Puritans, mostly of good condition and fortune, fitted out a number of vessels and sailed for Massachusetts Bay, "where they laid the foundation of a city," says our authority, "to which they gave the name of Boston, out of regard to several of their most prominent members who had lived in Boston, Lincoln."

This last assertion, by the way, may be qualified as a judicious guess, for it does not appear that researches in the matter have brought to light any Boston names among the original settlers. Indeed, the infant town seems to have been at first known by its Indian name, Shawmut, or, from its position upon three hills, as Tri-mountain.

And here we come to John Cotton again, Cotton, who has been preaching the word more and more after the pattern of Calvin, rather than of Laud, and has got himself into serious trouble with the authorities. It is a Star Chamber matter now, and Cotton, who is no enthusiast for martyrdom, but honestly anxious to retain his living and position, if he can do so without violence to his conscience, requests the intercession of powerful friends. The Earl of Dorset, one of these powerful friends, tries what he can do with the archbishop and those who surround the king. In the end he advises Cotton to fly. Had it been murder, or any crime most disgraceful to the cloth, the earl tells Cotton, he could have got his pardon. But Cotton was accused of Puritanism, and there was no pardon for that. And thus Cotton hurriedly resigns his living, and with his wife, not long married, makes his way in disguise to the Downs, where he embarks on board the Griffin, which sails forthwith for America, without touching at any of the Channel ports, where the officers of the Star Chamber were waiting to pounce upon him. On the voyage Cotton's first child is born, and is named Seaborn; and, seven weeks after sailing from the Downs, they all land in safety at the new settlement, Boston, as it is to be henceforth. For there is little doubt that the new Boston owed its name to John Cotton. The Puritans were proud of their new adherent, whom they at once chose as teacher of the flock—there was

already a chosen pastor—and, no doubt, they wanted to make the place as home-like as possible for him, although the thatched barn, in which he was henceforth to preach, could hardly remind him of the noble aisles of his old parish church.

All this is a long way from Lincolnshire, and yet a little discursiveness may be forgiven in tracing the link that binds the two great nations, while, even to this day, Lincolnshire seems more akin to New England than any other part of the kingdom. The American twang may be traced in Lincolnshire voices, and many of the words and phrases known as Americanisms might be traced to their origin in Lincolnshire and its borders.

But it is time to return to the maternal Boston, with its old-world histories—the Boston of St. Botolph's founding, with its quays and guilds; the Boston that owned the Duke of Bretagne as its over-lord, an outlying appanage to the rich earldom of Richmond; the Boston whose old Roman sea-bank broke down in the twelfth century, and let the waters in upon the half-drowned lands; the Boston that was even then at work with its looms, and making cloth that was worn by all the country round; the Boston with its great fair where the cloth was sold, with hardware and all that a fen-man could want for his year's supply; the Boston that was so rich with its fleets at sea and its flats on the river, that it could build up its grand church with its fine tower that was to be a land and sea mark by day and night (a tower irreverently called "the stump" by the people round about); the old Boston that had done and suffered so much already before young Boston was born.

In these days it is easy enough to get anywhere from Boston, with its railways radiating in all directions; but in the days when the fens were really fens, squelchy and reedy, the way was along narrow causeways mostly built by the monks of old. And to this day the highways follow the track of the monkish causeways; and if you follow the road to the south from Boston it leads to Spalding's ancient priory, with nothing on the way to interest anybody unless the vague speculation, looking over into some drain or watercourse, that it would be a comfortable and useful thing to recover the lost luggage that lies somewhere silted up among these marshes—the lost luggage of King John, with his golden crown, and his jewels, and his treasure-

chests. It was not far from here that he lost them; for yonder, over the flats, lies the site of Swineshead Abbey, where King John spent the night after his misfortune, and where it was rumoured that some jolly old monk gave the monarch a dose of poison with his posset. And then, if your thought is upon buried gold, you may wonder when you come to Pinchbeck whether the imitation metal took its rise at this particular place. Once at Spalding we are within the limits of the "Camp of Refuge." Here lived the wicked Ivo de Taillebois in his strong castle, with the priory close by, a dignified Benedictine house whose chief was called "Lord Prior."

But Spalding and its priory have a peculiar interest, as in them we may trace the germ of the modern book-club, library, literary society, and what not. The pedigree of the evolution is a little shaky perhaps in places; the record here and there may be wanting; but still here it is—fairly beginning with Spalding Priory and the inventory of its possessions, which, not being of much value, were handed over to the parochial authorities. "Item, one messe book and one Pax and one library with thirteen bookes in it, and one messe book with silver clasps." It is to be feared that the parish turned the silver clasps into coin, but the library survived, and who knows how much enlightenment may not have been diffused in the neighbourhood by the perusal of these thirteen volumes? Anyhow, in 1637 we find the minister of the parish persuading his parishioners to board, cut, and shelve the room over the north porch of the church, turning out the town arms—the halberts, and fire-locks, and bows and arrows that might have done duty at Agincourt, or likelier still at Flodden. But the north porch is henceforth to be a library, an eerie place for a student to burn the midnight oil in, with the white graves outside, and the strange creaking, groaning, mysterious noises from within. There is a considerable hiatus here, during which the thirteen volumes are reduced to one. In fact the literary germ seemed well-nigh reduced to an addled condition when a revival set in.

"Then, in 1709, that great genius, Captain Richard Steele, published the *Tatlers*, which, as they came out in half-sheets, were taken in by a gentleman who communicated them to his acquaintances at the coffee-house in the abbey yard." The priory, it will be observed, had been raised

by tradition to an abbey. "And these papers being approved as instructive and entertaining, they ordered them to be sent down with the Gazette and votes, and were accordingly had and read there every post-day, generally aloud to the company." And in this way began the once-famous Spalding Gentleman's Society, the origin and model of many others of the same kind. "They meet every Monday at Mr. Younger's coffee-house in Spalding, at two in the afternoon from September to May, and in the other months at four." Punctuality and regularity in attendance was enforced by a fine of twopence. An absentee for four Mondays must either communicate something new and curious or pay sixpence. But this last rule was felt to be too harsh, and was abrogated at the request of the society's most distinguished member, Sir Isaac Newton. But members were urged to be communicative by the same illustrious savant, and that such a light of the world could find profit in the communications of the country squires about Spalding should be an encouragement to those who are given to hiding their little lights under bushel baskets. Then "they celebrate their anniversary in a public manner, with music and a polite audience, from the year 1730, when there was sung an ode beginning, 'To love and social joys, etc.'" But in 1786 the society is found quite decayed, its library dusty and neglected, its transactions no longer recorded, for it transacts nothing to record. The old savants who founded it are dead; the young squires are of a different mould; and so the society dwindles out of existence without anyone to record its final throes of dissolution.

From Spalding the causeway leads over the fens, along the banks of the Welland river, to Crowland, the abbey founded by St. Guthlac in the form of a mud cabin, where he lived in sordid sanctity among the meres and fens, then only tenanted by myriads of wild-fowl, and then, as sanctity became celebrity, the haunt of hundreds of cenobites, who emulated the austerities of their chief; and thus a community was founded that became one of the most famous and best endowed of the Anglo-Saxon abbeys. The fine west front of the abbey is still in existence, adorned with seven tiers of statuary, recalling its abbot, Ingulphus, from pleasant St. Wandrille, on the Seine, under whose rule it rose from its charred ruins. Another curiosity of Crowland is an ancient triangular bridge,

where three roads meet over the river—almost unique among bridges.

From Crowland the way lies through Market Deeping to Stamford, a well-built and once well-fortified town of high antiquity. King Bladud founded Stamford, and would have made it a second Athens, in the days when the Trojan heroes and other classical persons had taken refuge among us. "But this is like a dreme," as Leland says. The Gilbertines had a college there—a religious order that took its origin in Lincolnshire—at Sempringham, where Sir Gilbert, the lord of the manor, founded in the twelfth century a new order of celibates, in which women as well as men were included—an order which hardly spread beyond its original limits. In the fourteenth century, on a violent quarrel between the scholars of north and south at Oxford, a great number of masters and scholars belonging to the northern division came to settle at Stamford. And the schools at Stamford were in high credit amongst scholars, notwithstanding royal and official disfavour, till the Wars of the Roses caused their dispersion. From that date we hear no more of learned Stamford, and according to Drunken Barnaby, who writes in the seventeenth century, the inhabitants had then given themselves over to the manufacture of purses—

Where are the Schollars, Proctors, Fellows, College,  
They've into purses crammed their former know-  
ledge.

But the memory of Brazen-nose College is still preserved in the names of old houses—a Brazen-nose that was more ancient than its namesake at Oxford.

As for the strong castle at Stamford, it was demolished in the time of Richard the Third, and its materials went to build the Carmelite, or White Priory; and after that the site was given to the Cecils—probably to build Burleigh House, itself somewhat of an antiquity. What a tale would those hewn stones have to tell if they could record their history! But great must have been the store of building materials at the dissolution of the religious houses, for Stamford was full of them. Besides the White Friars, were those of orders Grey and the Black Friars, and the Austin Friars, and a very ancient foundation of Benedictines—so that the town must have been vocal all day long with church and convent bells, whilst shaven crowns would have been visible all over the place.

Through Stamford ran the great Roman



road that probably gave the town its name, as a paved or stone ford, where the road crossed the river; and this great road, which is known as Ermine Street, is still in use from north to south. An ordinary Lincolnshire road may be a trifle dull, but this Roman road, which towns and villages seem to avoid, has something almost awe-inspiring about its loneliness and desertion, as it runs in stern directness through the wide plain. There is an alternative route to Lincoln through Bourn, with its fine earthworks, the once castle of Leofric, lord of Bourn, whose son Hereward is known in song and story as the last and bravest of the Saxon heroes who held out against the Conqueror. And farther in is Aslackby, where the Templars, and later the Hospitallers, had a commandery, and with some relics of the characteristic round church in an old farmhouse. Falkingham lies to the left—a small town pleasantly situated on a hill, with the fosse still existing of an ancient castle, and Semperingham is close by, the parish church of which is a relic of the old priory of mixed monks and nuns, after the Gilbertine order lately mentioned.

From points hereabout, the tall spire of Grantham may be seen, with the woods of Belton—a fine Jacobean seat. Eight miles south of Grantham lies Colsterworth, the birthplace of Sir Isaac Newton. His father was lord of the manor, and Newton was educated at dame schools at Skillington and Stoke, in the immediate neighbourhood, till he was twelve years old, when he was sent to Grantham grammar-school. In 1665 he retired to his own estate at Colsterworth (to which he had succeeded on his father's death) on account of the plague that was then raging, and in the orchard here, it is said, fell the fated apple that revolutionised the solar system—at least our ideas of it. Sir Isaac never married, and the manor was sold by his heir. The house is still standing, and ought, one would think, to be preserved to all time as a national memorial.

### A BOARDING-HOUSE ROMANCE.

#### A STORY IN ELEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER VI.

THE first week of the Rolandsecks' stay at the Pension Sommerrock Mr. Trevelyan never saw them excepting at meals, but that gave him an opportunity of occasionally conversing with them. He had discovered that the young countess spoke excellent

English, that she was well up in the literature of the language, and, what was more unusual, had decided views of her own upon it.

It had taken the American longer than he had expected to break the ice between himself and his new acquaintances, but by dint of dogged, though unobtrusive perseverance, he had got so far as to be sure of obtaining a hearing from Gräfin Gabrielle when he chose to speak, and sometimes he told himself that there was a look of mild enjoyment in her face, although she spoke so little.

He was not mistaken.

There was a charm for Gabrielle, if only that of novelty, in Trevelyan's conversation, which had cleverness and depth for all its lightness. The very contrast between their ways of thought had something of attraction for her. The American treated old subjects from very new points of view. Gabrielle was often startled by the light, easy view he held concerning old-fashioned institutions and ideas that she had been taught to regard as sacred. On the other hand, she was equally struck by the depth of his love and loyalty to institutions and ideas that were new to her, and for which she fancied she could never come to feel much sympathy.

She told her mother some of the American's odd views, and how humorously and plainly they were expressed. Gräfin Rolandseck had not disliked Mr. Trevelyan from the first, though she had not troubled herself to take any more notice of him than she took of strangers in general, but it amused her to think that a gentleman should have been innocently trying to entertain her daughter by ridiculing opinions that she herself strongly held. There was something new to her, too, in the bare fact of any person of education and breeding attempting to take a free and independent stand in a world so hedged-in by conventionalities. She thought she would not dislike a peep into such a world as Mr. Trevelyan's, just for the novelty of the thing.

At dinner that evening Gabrielle asked Mr. Trevelyan if he spoke French, as her mother regretted being unable to take part in an English conversation. Quite unconscious of the magnitude of the honour thus shown him, Mr. Trevelyan answered readily that he did speak French a little, and for the future mostly confined himself to that language when talking with the mother and daughter.



Gräfin Rolandseck said little herself, and even listened with a condescension that was embarrassing, but Gabrielle entered into the conversation with more spirit and interest than she had done before, and the American's quick brain responded to that delightful encouragement.

Ere long the austere dowager found herself disputing certain points with considerable warmth, yet unable to repress a smile at Mr. Trevelyan's way of putting things.

He was the first person she had met, who, holding opinions directly opposed to her own, and maintaining them with all firmness, had yet an attraction for her. No doubt he had his nationality to thank for the concession. It would have been impossible for her to have felt any liking for a German with such views, had he been never so witty or agreeable; but Mr. Trevelyan's audacity amused her, and she regarded it with the indulgence one shows a naughty but irresistible child.

Gabrielle felt secretly grateful to Trevelyan as she observed the beneficial influence a little chat with him had upon her mother.

For some time the gräfin's health had been causing her daughter a good deal of anxiety, for she suffered from a serious form of heart-disease which affected her spirits in proportion as it affected her general health. To rouse and amuse her was the most important business of Gabrielle's life at present, a task that Mr. Trevelyan unknowingly rendered easier and more successful.

At the end of the second week of their stay the gräfin and her daughter were the only two persons in the house who did not suspect that something deeper than mere civility underlay the American's courteous manner and matter-of-fact talk.

From a very early stage instinct rather than observation had told Gustel Sommerrock that Gabrielle von Rolandseck would prove a formidable rival. If Gustel thought no little of her own charms, it is due to say that she was inclined to take an equally exaggerated view of other people's where they pleased her, and, as Gräfin Gabrielle was the personification of all that was beautiful and distinguished in her eyes, she felt that nothing but bad taste—which she had proved the American to be free from—could prevent his being much struck with her.

Gabrielle treated Gustel with consider-

able kindness for her mother's sake, who in her younger days had lived for some years as housekeeper with the Rolandsecks. That kindness, however, was tinged with a certain condescension, of which, had she been aware of it, Gabrielle would have tried to divest her conduct. But oddly enough it was precisely that touch of condescension which possessed the greatest attraction for Gustel, who regarded it as only natural and proper in a being of an infinitely higher order than herself.

Gabrielle smiled upon her kindly, just as she talked agreeably with Mr. Trevelyan, but there was enough dignity in her manner towards both to prevent the least over-estimation of her sentiments. Little did she dream that she had raised a tempest in each breast which was ready to burst forth on the slightest provocation.

The rest of the visitors were for the most part out of patience with their former favourite, Mr. Trevelyan. They could not think what had come over him that he was never seen in the salon in an evening now, and rarely joined in any of their excursions by day. They would have concluded that he had been bored to death by Gustel Sommerrock, and therefore preferred solitude to her society, but for the fact that she, too, had almost deserted them.

In reality there was nothing mysterious about the way in which the two passed their evenings, or the motives that prompted them.

Gabrielle von Rolandseck had a pretty soprano voice, which her mother liked to hear in an evening. The girl was not loth to do so herself, so every night as soon as someone began to rattle upon the piano in the drawing-room below, Gabrielle took out her zither and sang. The sweet notes of the instrument blended very well with her voice, and she would go from one song to another till she was tired, when she always ended at her mother's request with a simple but beautiful setting of Heine's "Du bist wie eine Blume."

We have said that George Trevelyan and Gustel Sommerrock were both in love with Gabrielle. Her singing attracted them as irresistibly as light does moths. Gustel's little room happened to be over part of the Rolandsecks' sitting-room, so she would steal up there, open her window, and drink in every note. Mr. Trevelyan's despised "den" was on the same floor as

the Garden of Eden, and nearly opposite to it. When he stood close by the door he could catch every note almost as well as if he were in the room, and that was the position in which he passed one blissful hour every evening. "Du bist wie eine Blume" became part of his life, every thought and action seemed to be set to it.

Another week passed away, and, at the close of it, Mr. Trevelyan had the mortification of feeling that he had made no advance in Gabrielle's favour. She was still agreeable when circumstances threw them together, but with the polite indifference of ordinary social intercourse with a mere acquaintance. Trevelyan, whose fancy had by this time ripened into serious love, was rendered almost desperate by her coolness; but the self-command of his nation stood him in good stead, and kept him from betraying himself.

Every night, during long wakeful hours, he wished that flood or fire, or some other disaster, would kindly befall the peaceful pension, only in order to afford him an opportunity of risking his life to save the woman he loved. He was prepared to include the mother in his heroic feat in the present state of his feelings. Indeed, since the gräfin had condescended to patronise him slightly, he had got quite to like her—though he would have cut the acquaintance of any other woman in Europe, crowned head or otherwise, who should have ventured to assume Gräfin Rolandseck's bland superiority towards him.

One night he was really startled out of his sleep by a loud ringing and the sound of unusual moving about. He started up, sniffed the air for any trace of smoke, experienced a sense of disappointment on remarking none, but dressed hurriedly to be ready in case of emergency. He scarcely dared to hope that the sounds proceeded from Gräfin Rolandseck's apartments, but sure enough, five minutes later, he heard the door of her sitting-room open, and Gabrielle's—Gabrielle's voice call hurriedly, but in a subdued key, as if fearful of disturbing the other sleepers:

"Frau Sommerrock, are you there?"

"Don't leave me; ring the bell," said the gräfin in a faint voice.

Gabrielle went back into the room.

That was enough for Trevelyan, who had heard the little dialogue through his already opened door.

He struck a light, rushed downstairs to

the little sitting-room that he luckily knew did duty as Frau Sommerrock's bedroom at night, and began hammering heartlessly at the door.

Frau Sommerrock started up in alarm, wild visions of her little all being swallowed up in one fearful conflagration floating before her.

"Gräfin Rolandseck is very ill, madame, and her daughter cannot leave her. If you will kindly go to her at once, I will hold myself in readiness to fetch the doctor if necessary. Are you ready?"

A satirical laugh was Frau Sommerrock's only reply to this irritating question.

"Has anything else happened?" she asked.

"Anything else!" repeated Trevelyan scornfully. "Don't you think that enough?"

He was annoyed at his own warmth the next moment. It was incautious, to say the least, but it was just possible that it might have escaped Frau Sommerrock's attention in the excitement of the moment.

There was now nothing to do but return to his room, there to listen anxiously for any sounds from Gräfin Rolandseck's.

In a shorter time than he had expected, he heard Frau Sommerrock hurry along the passage and enter the room opposite. It was not many moments before she came out again and knocked at his door.

"Gräfin Rolandseck has one of her bad attacks, Herr Trevelyan, and I am afraid to leave Gräfin Gabrielle alone with her. You were so kind as to offer to go——"

"For the doctor. Schwarz, I suppose?" and he started down the passage at once.

"How kind of him!" thought Gabrielle, who had heard the conversation through the open door.

The physician found the case very serious. Gabrielle had known that it was so. She had been warned that any of these attacks might be the last.

This time, however, the powerful remedies that were resorted to were successful. In an hour Gräfin Rolandseck was out of danger, and the doctor took his leave.

"I congratulate you, young lady," he said on parting (they were in the sitting-room, out of earshot of the gräfin). "You have had a very narrow escape of losing your mother; you have only your expedition in calling in medical aid to thank for her life. If I had got here a quarter of an hour later, nothing could have saved her."

Gabrielle looked at him in awed silence.

From her own knowledge of her mother's disease, she had every reason to believe his words. Before Dr. Schwarz ceased speaking, it flashed upon her whom she had to thank for bringing the doctor so promptly to her aid, and for the first time she thought very kindly of George Trevelyan.

## CHAPTER VII.

GRAFIN ROLANDSECK remained in a state of prostration for some days after the first severity of the attack had passed away. It had not failed to strike her that this attack was graver than the last—as, indeed, each one was—and that they recurred at more frequent intervals than formerly—considerations that pointed to one inevitable conclusion sooner or later. For herself, she would cheerfully have closed her eyes on life any time this twenty years, but for her daughter's sake she clung to it with tenacity.

Day after day Dr. Schwarz impressed upon Gabrielle the necessity of amusing and cheering her mother as the only means of averting these attacks, and day after day Gabrielle exerted herself to the utmost, assuming spirits she was far from enjoying, and doing everything that affection and ingenuity could suggest as likely to have a beneficial effect on her mother's low state; but, unknown to her, there was a strong influence at work counteracting her own—the influence of a mother's anxiety for her child's welfare when she should be left alone and unprotected in the world.

Gabrielle did not leave the gräfin's room for some days. After a time her unwearied efforts were rewarded by a decided improvement in the invalid, the first proof of which was her suddenly remarking her daughter's unusual pallor and general look of fatigue.

"You are looking quite ill, Gabrielle," she cried anxiously. "How strange I did not notice it before! My dear, you must take a good walk every day; you have been cooped up in this room too long."

"I cannot leave it till you are well again, mother; it would only make me anxious to have to leave you now. I should get no benefit from it."

The gräfin insisted as much as her weak state would allow, but Gabrielle was not to be persuaded.

"I cannot get my daughter to go out, though she needs a change so much," complained the gräfin to Frau Sommerrock, the next time she came into the room.

"She has been shut up here too much, as you say, Frau Gräfin. No wonder she has no energy left to take long walks. Suppose you send her downstairs to dinner every evening; even that little change would be something, and she would be at hand in case you wanted her."

The gräfin liked the suggestion, and succeeded in persuading her daughter to act in accordance with it.

When Gabrielle entered the dining-room that evening everybody looked at her with interest, and many said a word of welcome.

Perhaps Mr. Trevelyan was the least obtrusive in his congratulations and enquiries, but the pressure of his hand, his swift penetrating glance at her pale face, and the little silent attentions he showed her throughout the meal told her that perhaps of all present he felt the most genuine interest in her mother's illness and recovery.

Trevelyan was very silent all dinner-time, but it was one of the pleasantest hours of his life, nevertheless. The mere sight of her he loved and had not seen for so long, was a delight. Her subdued yet self-possessed manner gave her a new charm in his eyes, as did the slight traces of weariness in her fair face, to which they lent new dignity and depth. The simple morning-dress in which she appeared was not without significance for him, nor the quiet manner in which she slipped away from the table before the dessert appeared.

"I have to thank you for a great many kindnesses, Mr. Trevelyan," she had said when shaking hands with him; "but for your having brought the doctor so quickly on the night of my mother's illness, she would probably not have recovered."

"I am delighted to have been of the slightest use to the gräfin, but you must not believe exaggerated medical statements. Doctors have a way of taking very dark views of cases; it makes the merit of curing them seem greater."

"Unfortunately I know how little exaggeration there was in this case, and how much I owe to your assistance."

He smiled incredulously, but his heart beat with joy and surprise at the words all the same.

"Well, Gabrielle, now tell me about everybody," said Gräfin Rolandseck as in duty bound, when her daughter joined her; but there was so little interest in her tone that it was as well that her words were not audible in the drawing-room.

Gabrielle told her that so-and-so had

enquired very kindly after her, and sent such and such messages, which polite attentions the invalid received with cynical indifference.

"That is all? Sing a little, then, if you are not tired, dear."

Gabrielle was tired, and in no singing humour that night; she felt much more inclined for a silent half-hour with a favourite poet; but she complied instantly, and did not put away her zither until she had effectually soothed her mother's irritated nerves. Gräfin Rolandseck's expression, so anxious before, changed to one of repose; when she spoke her voice was no longer querulous.

"By the way, my child, do not get any more of those lovely flowers for me. You must have had to send a long way for them, and they must have been expensive, and I am well enough now to do without such luxuries. It was a pretty thought on your part, and gave me pleasure, though I was too ill to express it at the time."

"That reminds me," cried Gabrielle, "that I quite forgot to thank him for them at dinner. What would he think? I did not get them, mother, for there was not a flower to be had in the village. I suppose someone must have said I had been trying to get some and failed, and it made Mr. Trevelyan send them. I have no idea where he got them from."

"Mr. Trevelyan!" The tone was one of surprise and displeasure.

"He meant well, no doubt, but the action was very American. These people must advertise their wealth by some means or other, even if they have to force presents on perfect strangers to do it. Please thank the young man to-morrow, but be careful to impress upon him that I want no more of his flowers."

"I think you do him injustice, mother. Depend upon it he never thought that he was either acting ostentatiously, or taking a liberty in gratifying the desire of an invalid. He most likely acted impulsively before he had reflected upon the subject. Remember he is a foreigner. You often say that they, and especially the English and Americans, are not to be judged like us Germans."

#### AMONG THE COFFEE-PALACES.

WE are now at the time of year when day and work begin together, and the first blush of morning, throwing the outline of the window-frame upon the blind, is

the signal to the working-man to arise and go forth to his labour. As yet the great wilderness of houses gives no signs of life, the morning incense from thousands of household fires is as yet unburnt; the air is clear and crisp though chilly, and the quiet streets have an unkempt and debauched appearance in the cold light of morning; the roadways covered with a layer of liquid mud, which is all that is left of the whirl of wheels and the clattering of hoofs, and the sparkling of lights, and the general throng and bustle of the night before. And yet not quite all—for here at the corner by St. Martin's Church remains a solitary representative of the world that takes its pleasure by night, in the form of a hansom-cab, with wheels and panels encrusted with mud, with a tired horse drooping his head dejectedly, and a driver blinking and yawning in the coming daylight. The lions and the fountains have got Trafalgar Square all to themselves, and but for a solitary policeman in the distance the way to Westminster is all deserted; but the chimes of St. Martin ring out, and the lane that takes its name from the gilded knight who shared his cloak with a beggar, begins to echo with stray footsteps. At Cranbourn Street crossing the stream of people becomes more decided, with the rumble of carts and waggons, and here at the corner an early breakfast-stall has unlimbered its battery of shining cans, and displays its rounds of ammunition in the shape of rounds of bread-and-butter, or of comfortable chunks of cake. The blended aroma of the berry, the leaf, and the pod—it may be said that there is something in the fresh morning air, and the unaccustomed want of breakfast that disposes to figurative language—but anyhow the smell of the hot steaming cans with their tea, coffee, and cocoa, of the freshly baked cake, and the freshly cut loaves, has a pleasant and appetising effect. Boys on the run for workshop or newspaper-office snatch a hasty breakfast on the wing; workmen with the factory-bell ringing in their ears, stop for a cup of something boiling hot.

You may picture the presiding genius of the breakfast-stall as some wizened old man or apple-cheeked old woman, whom a benevolent vestry has provided with a barrow and cans, and a suitable parochial standing—not without a view to saving the rates, that might otherwise be burdened with their support. But such a



picture would be as far out as are fancy portraits generally. Our actual stall-keeper is young, brisk, and alert, with a clean white apron, and a pouch into which coppers are rattling without cease. His currant-cakes fly to pieces under the knife, as pigs do at Chicago, but hardly so fast as they are demanded by eager urchins. Even the staidest and most prudent can't resist those toothsome morsels. "You don't get such grub as this at the Palace," says a boy. Perhaps he means not the queen's palace, but the coffee-palace. Well, we shall see.

The way to the coffee-palace lies towards St. Giles's, where St. Martin's Lane loses itself in the mazes of Seven Dials. Not so long ago it was easy to get lost in the Dials, with its bewildering openings, and there was a horrid kind of feeling that if the wrong one were taken it would end in some den of thieves or noisome blind alley; but now the place is quiet enough, the old spirit is fled, the Dials have been rubbed out one by one, and only two of them are left in evidence—if there ever were seven, by the way: seven real dials over as many actual public-houses. There is a sort of glamour over the place, as about the old stone circles that can never be accurately reckoned up, and so you may count over and over again in the Dials without being able to make sure whether there are six or seven or more streets which abut upon this forlorn enclosure. But, anyhow, among the butt-ends of streets, which make the place like the hub of a wheel, there is one that bears the name of The Sundial, and announces itself as a coffee-palace.

For one thing, the Dials are clean out of the way of the general movement of people to their work. The perplexing currents and whirlpools of men, with workmen's trains carrying them from east to west, and from north to south, and so on through all the points of the compass, and so different to the general inrush from every quarter to the City that begins as soon as the workmen's double shuffle has ceased; all this cross-country work leaves Seven Dials calm and unruffled. The people who earn good wages and go to work regularly do not live here; and of the people you meet it is difficult to say whether they are early risers or late stayers up. And then, while in other parts the wayfarers are all men, here in the Dials the softer sex seem more awake and alive than their mates.

Sitting at one of the marble-topped

tables in the coffee-palace are two sturdy but battered-looking females who are engaged with tea and bread-and-butter, talking earnestly the while, and discussing alternately prices of fish and marital shortcomings. A stray workman in another corner is poring over an illustrated paper, while two or three lean and fallow youths are lingering over their cocoa and slices. On one side is the bar with its burnished cans, and an array of eatables behind a wire fence—slices of currant-cake and bread-and-butter, portions of bread-and-marmalade, eggs, and rashers of bacon. Everything costs a penny except the bacon, which is twopence; and a small cup of tea can be had at a halfpenny. The coffee is really good, as it is drawn complete with milk and sugar from the boiler. There is a plentiful supply of salt in large cups on all the tables, and a customer unaware of the customs of the place, takes this for a provision of pounded sugar, and is about to turn a good supply into his cup, when he is good-naturedly stopped by one of the fair guests. The little incident causes some amount of pleasantry. "Salt in hees corfee," seemed to renew the joke for the benefit of each new comer. In point of fact a small pinch of salt is an improvement to coffee, but the effect of a whole cupful can only be imagined.

Among the new comers is a thin pale man, whose white cotton jumper seems to be a very poor protection against the chill morning air, a man too with a hollow cough and a catch in his breath that stops his speech every now and then. But a cheerful kind of man, as is evident from the pleasant nod and twinkle of the eye he bestows upon the present company as he puts his basket under the table—he is from Farringdon Market, with his basket full of water-cresses—and goes to the counter to purchase his breakfast. There are no fees to waiters here, you see, and the temptation to give any is avoided, by letting people wait upon themselves. Not that the most dexterous and impressive of head-waiters could make even a bare existence in these regions. A penny means half one's breakfast, and who would give half his breakfast for the pleasure of seeing the other half placed upon the table with a dexterous flourish?

Our friend, the cress-man, comes back with his tea and bread-and-butter, and sets to work wolfishly upon them. It is not every morning, he observes, that he treats himself to a meal like this. But

this morning cresses were plentiful, and money went farther than usual. The cresses were finer, too, and would make up better. His old woman and he made them up after he got home, and then they both started out to sell them. The old woman was better than he at the business, "on account of the voice, don't you see?" said the man, tapping his chest with his fingers. The cry, it appears, is half the battle in cresses. Of course trade wasn't what it had been, but, when people knew where to go, and had established a regular walk, there was a pretty steady wage to be made out of it. And there is not the risk about cresses that there is about many things, for they are not perishable articles.

This provokes a note of interrogation.

"Not perishable? Why, cresses surely wither and decay?"

"Not if you knows your business," replies the cress-man with a smile. "You damps 'em down over-night, what you have left of your stock, and mixes 'em with the next morning's bundles, and nobody knows the difference. Now, that ain't the case with winkles; people can smell 'em, whether they're fresh boiled or not."

And herrings, too, it is suggested, no doubt they are a little risky?

"Ah, you may believe that," replies the cress-man with a sigh. "You mightn't credit it, but not so long ago I began business with a whole sovereign as stock-money. And I took the advice of a pal, as lent me a barrow, and laid out all the money in herrings. I assure you I didn't sell five shillings' worth, and all the rest had to be chucked away. Ah, it pretty nigh broke me, did that business."

As to the causes that have brought the man in middle life, with his weak chest and chronic cough, into this damp and weary line of business, he is not at all reticent.

"I was a soldier to begin with," says our cheerful cress-man; "and often I wishes I was back again, with your regular meals, and never a thought about your night's lodging." But then the way back was not open to him. He had been discharged after six or seven years' service, from incurable rheumatism, and after drawing sixpence a day from a grateful country for a twelvemonth, he made a fresh start in the world, with his chronic rheumatism and weak chest to help him along; and of course married on the strength of his prospects. This last was perhaps the most successful of his operations, for the old woman is steady

and industrious, and can tramp about with the cresses when he is laid on his back. Altogether our friend takes rather a cheerful view of the situation, and having finished his tea and slice, he hobbles off with his basket. His place is taken by a sturdy-looking man, in a well-worn corduroy-suit, who, looking round at the company, discovers an acquaintance in one of the battered-looking women already mentioned.

"Hallo, missus!" he cries; "how's George?"

The woman thus addressed frowns, purses up her mouth, and looks stonily towards the ceiling. The man in corduroys, not to be rebuffed, removes to a seat opposite the woman, and begins with lowered voice:

"What! there ain't nothing wrong with George now."

"Oh, don't talk to me about George," said the stony-visaged woman; "the last I saw of George was when he sold the horse and cart away from me, and as much as thirty pounds' worth of goods as I got together with hard work."

The man gathered himself together, eager to hear the story of his friend's delinquencies. "Hallo, what's George been a doing now?" And then the woman, nothing loth, poured into sympathetic ears the full tale of George's delinquencies.

To be fully appreciated, the story of wicked George should be heard with all its accessories. The triangular room, with its two sides of glass, and the sordid buildings of the Dials looking in upon it, with telegraph-wires crossing the roofs, and here and there from some upper window a greasy unkempt head looking down upon the street; the strange congress of these sordid buildings, with a gleam of morning sunshine bringing out their worn and battered squalor—all seeming to peer curiously into the doings of the new and strange companion, the latest dial of them all, with its unaccustomed air of rigid temperance and sobriety. But to return to George. There might have been a difficulty in living with a stony-faced woman, who had evidently a full command of flowing and vituperative language; but even an uncomfortable home did not justify him in selling the horse and cart to start a new and less regular partnership. No further exploits in this line, however, will be permitted to Master George. The law will now protect his wife's property, and if he

comes again on a similar errand, he will find himself in the hands of a stout policeman. "And a woman who can make her thirty shillings in a morning," cries the titular Mrs. George, slapping her pocket proudly, "ain't going to put up with a worthless scamp like that." And her female friend and toady—all capable and successful women are gifted with such a companion—her lady friend, and George's friend, who is ready from this moment to renounce him, both applaud her sentiments. And with all this sympathy and appreciation the stony-faced woman relaxes so far as to whisper something confidentially on either side, and the whole party go out with sudden cheerfulness, not without ulterior views towards beverages that are unobtainable at The Sundial. And as the company is now reduced to a couple of guests, one of whom is a small boy, bent upon covering as large an extent of time as possible with his tea and bread-and-butter, we will turn out to see what is going on in other establishments of the same kind.

First, to cross Westminster Bridge, where there is a continuous stream of working-men, with here and there among the motley free and easy costumes, the black coat of some foreman or clerk of works—for it is only seven o'clock, and the great army of commercial clerks has not yet thrown out its skirmishing line. The beauty of the morning is a little faded, and a thin smoke haze hangs about the roof-tops. But the sun shines redly over St. Thomas's Hospital, throwing the shadows of its separate buildings on the river; the river low and turbid, rushing on in a troubled, anxious mood, taking little brightness from the sunshine, but showing still more gloomy in the shadow; where here and there a patch of steely brightness is due to the sunbeams finding their way right through the opposite windows of some airy corridor or ward—sunbeams that have touched on their way, who can say how much suffering and pain? Behind us the sun lights up every gilded pinnacle of the great palace of Westminster, but fails to make cheerful the wide sombre frontage that looks all the more dusky and sombre for the gleams of gold about it. The long white line of the Embankment is touched by the sunshine, and a hazy indistinguishable background of buildings and spires make up the picture, with the turbid river, and the wide mud banks on the Surrey side, with black barges stranded along the shore, and men

knee-deep in the slush, raking and turning it over.

Along the road there is no want of facilities for breakfast. Little coffee-houses seem especially to swarm in this neighbourhood, with the same tariff of prices as their more showy rivals, each with its own connection, who find, perhaps, a touch of homely comfort in a stout untidy dame, who can be addressed as "mother" without offence, or perhaps a sharp wizened little proprietor, who has a nickname for all his customers, and is primed with sly allusions to their private affairs. But there is a capital cocoa-bar, too, where cocoa seems to be the favourite beverage—a bar well frequented and clean, with an attractive show of eatables displayed upon the counter. Here, too, you may sever yourself by a stroke of the pen from the unthinking beer-drinking majority, by signing the pledge upon a form that is waiting for you in the bar. But there is not much virtue in taking the pledge in a morning. The trial is when dinner-time approaches, and the problem has to be faced of what is to be drunk with the not very appetising viands.

Opposite the bar is a coffee-tavern, which also seems well supported, with its choice of partitioned coffee-room seats, with the usual cramped accommodation for the legs, and open tables with comfortable chairs. It is now upon the stroke of eight, and the tavern is evidently expecting its regular customers from adjoining works. The long tables are laid with knives and forks, and presently a bell rings outside, and the street is alive with men, a certain proportion of whom make straight for the coffee-tavern. These are superior workmen, though, foremen and skilled mechanics, who can afford a rasher of bacon and a fried egg for breakfast. The rasher of bacon costs twopence, and, as it would cost as much in its raw state at the dealer's, it is difficult to see how the price could be less. But in other matters the tariff of the tavern approaches very nearly that of the general run of cheap restaurants. To dine here will cost sixpence or sevenpence for a plate of meat, and the accessories will bring up the cost of the dinner to tenpence, which, considering the price of meat and the cost of fuel, is so little above prime cost, that only skilful wholesale buying, and thorough economy in the kitchen, can make a profit.

But even at breakfast many of the customers of the coffee-tavern rely upon the home commissariat for their eatables, and



opening their bundles, tied up in handkerchiefs, disclose sturdy slices of bread-and-butter, which they eat to the accompaniment of the tavern coffee or tea. There is a great demand for newspapers, of which the supply is liberal, but even the outside sheets are bespoke as soon as taken in hand, and that most enthralling of all selfish luxuries, breakfast eaten with the morning's paper balanced in front of the nose, is appreciated evidently to its full extent by the British workman. But then all this business occupies only half an hour, from eight to half-past, and to see any more of the general breakfast arrangements at other places it is necessary to be expeditious.

A little way farther east is the Victoria, the once well-known "Vic" of the theatrical enthusiasts of the New Cut. Here the scene is rather striking, as the great coffee-hall is entered, for it is really a fine room of the kind, and recalls some of the big popular cafés or beer saloons of the Continent. Just now the place is well filled, and the clatter of cups and saucers and the rattle of plates give a cheerful feeling of life and movement. There is no general roar of voices as you might hear in similar establishments in other lands. People give their orders in a subdued murmur at the bar, and carry their victuals away to eat and drink in the most secluded corners they can find. Labourers, with their sturdy legs bound round below the knees, and extremely dirty boots; workmen in their smeared and shabby working clothes; all are munching away as if for dear life, while, as the clock shows the half-hour, there is a general move for the door, and the big draughty room is left to the occupation of the more leisurely hawker or coster, who is the master of his own time, with none to fine him for being late. At the same time the young man of the establishment makes preparations for a sweep up, which, if anything like a thorough one, will disturb more dust and rubbish than one would like to face thus early in the morning.

But to fetch the Elephant and Castle in our next tack, is to share in a wonderful sight that nowhere else is to be seen in like proportions. Just as in the river-mouth, when the tide is beginning to move, there are all sorts of perplexing cross-currents and eddies, but when once the tide is in full swing there is a general onrush and swirl upwards, in which all else is merged—so here the general daily

rush into London has fairly set in, and overpowers all the other traffic. The footways are occupied by an unbroken column, all marching towards town, and the fair sex are now represented—girls with neat boots are stepping out with the rest. The trams, too, are loaded with passengers inside and out, each with a board marked "full" occupying a conspicuous position, while there is not a seat to be had on any omnibus going towards the City. But all these people have breakfasted at home, and have nothing to do with coffee-palaces. Nor shall we be likely to meet any of this well-dressed crowd at their midday meal, since for that we intend to return to our first love, the coffee-palace of Seven Dials.

A steadfast gloom hangs about the Dials that is not without its attractions. In fair or foul weather the place has much the same kind of jaded, unkempt appearance. The fair promise of morning could hardly brighten it up; and now the indifferent performance of midday, in the way of drizzling showers, does not seem to make it more dreary. It soon becomes evident that in the way of dinner St. Giles goes very much upon the same lines as breakfast. Tea and slices are still going on, although a bill of fare upon the door gives promise of roast beef at fourpence and sixpence, and other things to correspond. There are great bowls of mustard, too, on the tables, which were not there before, as if to lead the thoughts of customers in the direction of beef. Perhaps our thoughts are already too much that way inclined, but the pecuniary resources are wanting. "We'll have something light for our luncheon to-day, William," cries a facetious customer in well-worn velvetens, who looks like a hanger-on of the fancy, whether of quadrupeds or bipeds; but he is the first gay and light-hearted person we have met. "Something light and genteel, William, meaning to dine at our club later on." And the facetious fancier sits down to his half cup of tea, with a crust that he draws from his pocket, and begins his meal with a light heart, not a bit envious of his neighbour, a female of any age, with cold boiled-looking eyes, uncertain expression, and battered features—resembling a bit of stone that has been water-worn and rounded among pebbles—not envious of her supply of gingerbread, which is the most substantial part of her repast. And that is a pleasant thing about the Dials too. There are no times or seasons when meals must



come up as a regular thing. All is conveniently vague. If you choose to miss both dinner and supper it will not be thought strange. But there is a little excitement in the place when a man comes in—he may be a drover from his appearance—and demands beef-steak pie. The smell of that pie is rather too appetising, and the other customers look at it a little wolfishly. There is a good portion of it, and the gravy looks rich, and the crust is thick and substantial-looking. The fancier, by way of showing he doesn't mind, begins to tell a story—a funny story it seems by the man's sparkling expression as he tells it, beginning abruptly: "She ast the way to the police-station. 'Straight forrad,' says he, and she walks in, and, lo an' behold, it was a public-house!"

The palace cat now made his appearance, attracted probably by the fumes of the steak-pie; just such a cat as you might expect to find in the neighbourhood, a fighting, swaggering cat evidently, that has battled its way over all the cats of the Dials, and has come to be respected accordingly. An ordinary tabby would soon come to an evil end in the Dials, and our palace cat, with its strong-boned legs and lithe, powerful frame, and with the marks of a hundred combats on its sides, seems specially adapted to the conditions of a Seven Dials existence. As our fancy friend exclaims admiringly: "What that cat don't know ain't worth knowing."

The workman's dinner-hour comes and goes, and the clerk's dinner-hour has passed without bringing any great accession of custom to the palace. As before noticed this is hardly a neighbourhood where people dine, but customers are constantly coming in for the staple refreshment of the place, the "tea and slice" that form the chief diet of the poorer classes. As night comes on and work ceases there is still no great influx of customers. The mass of homeless poor who find a refuge for the night in common lodging-houses take their evening refreshment where they sleep; the rough sociability of the kitchens of such places is more attractive than the decorous atmosphere of the palace. And those who have homes to go to are not tempted to neglect them by the attractions of the coffee-palace. The latter has its own customers, however, for it supplies beds to single men, and attracts quiet men who do not care for the sulphurous atmosphere of the kitchen of the common lodging-house. Anyhow, the day ends quietly enough in the Dials, and

taverns and palaces close their doors at last, and leave the world outside to the homeless wanderer and the policeman.

## JENIFER.

BY ANNIE THOMAS (MRS. PENDER-CUDLIP).

### CHAPTER XXV. DEEPER STILL.

CAPTAIN EDGECLIFF had had his talk out with Mrs. Ray, and the talk had been as perfectly satisfactory to both of them as such a discussion can ever be between the mother and the man. He had offered openly, promised magnificently, spoken manfully. He had given Mrs. Ray clearly to understand that he was no selfish idiot who would, in endeavouring to unite Jenifer with himself in their dearest interests in the future, attempt to detach her in the smallest degree from what had been her dearest interest in the past. He offered to identify himself with Jenifer in all that was needful, and to isolate himself whenever and wherever it would be expedient or discreet. In fact he rather overdid it, though he pleased Mrs. Ray well.

She on her side had been everything that was conciliatory, gracious, and hopeful. That Jenifer's happiness was her chief—indeed her one consideration—she made manifest to him from the commencement of the interview, and he had in reply said something pretty about the son-like feelings he was prepared to develop towards Mrs. Ray herself, from the moment her formal consent to his marriage with her daughter was given. He began asking her advice about the most desirable locality in which to take a house, and the best firm with whom to do it. As she knew as much about localities as she did of artistic firms, the advice she gave was of course duly valued.

But just as their amicable interview was drawing to a close, when he and she had become respectively as maternal and filial towards one another as was natural, Mrs. Ray sprang a mine unintentionally by saying:

"Why not think of a house at Richmond or near Richmond—one of those sweet places with gardens? Jenifer does so love a garden, and it would be such a pleasure to have her plants and flowers to attend to while you're away at your office."

"She won't have much time for that sort of thing when once she has appeared, if she's moderately lucky. What with studying and fulfilling engagements, it

would take too much out of her to be constantly running up to London, and of course her principal engagements will be in London. Just in the autumn or the off-season she may sing a little in the country. But her career will have to be followed up in London, you see; so in London, for her sake, we must live."

Mrs. Ray was too much aghast to make any reply, and Captain Edgecumb, in supreme ignorance of her consternation, went on:

"I'm naturally very anxious on the subject—have you any idea when she contemplates coming out? Our future arrangements must be regulated in a great measure by that important event. I'm afraid she'll insist on my being patient and waiting for the wedding to come off after it."

"I am getting old and obtuse. I can't have understood you aright," Mrs. Ray was saying, when Jenifer and Mr. Boldero came in; the former looking anything but elate at the sight of her lover, while the family solicitor and friend seemed more bewildered and depressed than he had ever looked before in all Mrs. Ray's experience of him.

Fortunately for them all, Captain Edgecumb took such a hopeful view of his own superiority that it did not occur to him to feel even slightly vexed, much less aggrieved or annoyed, at Mr. Boldero's appearance, even though he appeared with Jenifer. Boldero was the family solicitor. Boldero in course of time, when Jenifer and he, Captain Edgecumb, were married, and Jenifer was making a few hundreds a week by her singing, would probably be his solicitor too. On the whole, as he knew Jenifer would remain undemonstrative towards him even in solitude, he felt rather well than ill pleased that Boldero's presence on this first day of their engagement should give her a fair excuse for being so.

Still, for all Captain Edgecumb's complacent view and treatment of the situation, it was fraught with awkwardness for the other three, not one of whom could forget that Boldero had once applied for the place now successfully filled by the younger, more ardent, and impatient man. Nor could they forget either that though Mr. Boldero had withdrawn his application for the said place for the present, he had more than hinted that he should repeat it at a future and not far distant time.

And Jenifer remembered that when he had hinted this, she, in her indifference and in the absorbing interest her scheme of studying singing had for her, had

tacitly permitted him to feel that she would wait and keep free to entertain his application. Remembering this, she felt guilty of having acted unfairly towards him. And yet what could she have done? Captain Edgecumb's proposal had been made unexpectedly, at the very moment when she was feeling that her mother needed some more powerful protection against the rapacity of her other children than she, Jenifer, could be. It would have been to bring complications into, if not altogether to mar a plan that promised well for her mother, if she had deferred giving an answer until she had written to, and received an answer from, Mr. Boldero on the subject. Moreover, it would have been a difficult matter to set before him in plain English, and as Jenifer hated going in a roundabout way to work about anything, she could only have asked him straightforwardly: "What am I to do? Captain Edgecumb wants me to marry him soon, and will take great care of my mother. Had I better marry him now, or do you think it would be best for my mother that I should wait for you?"

No; on the face of it she could not have written such words as these. Yet no other form of words would have availed to put her dilemma and wishes clearly before him. She reviewed her own conduct, and criticised it impartially, while she was dressing for dinner, and honestly, she could not find herself to blame in anything but this—that she did not love Captain Edgecumb very much.

But then she loved no one else better. She liked him immensely, and no doubt would soon get used to the work of conducting a long conversation with him without the aid of "other people" or lawn-tennis. Besides, when they were married her mother would still be with her, to help her out in any little conversational stagnation trouble that might arise at the family breakfasts and dinners.

While she was taking comfort on this point, Mrs. Ray came in looking troubled.

"Captain Edgecumb spoke of you and of his hopes about you, Jenny dear, in a way that would have won me, even if I hadn't been predisposed to be won; but there's one thing that concerns me a little. He takes it for granted that you'll go on singing in public."

"Why, of course I shall," Jenifer cried. "I wouldn't give up that prospect, now it's drawing so near, for any man, however much I loved him.

I couldn't dream of giving it up; next to seeing you happy and comfortable, that will be the joy of my life."

"It mustn't be that, dear; you will have other nearer, dearer claims on you. My daughter mustn't be more artist than woman."

Then they spoke for a minute or two of the possibly awkward complication of Mr. Boldero's presence.

"Few men, looking forward to a quiet evening with the girl of his choice for the first time, would have greeted an intruder so amiably as Captain Edgcomb did Mr. Boldero," Mrs. Ray said admiringly.

"Did he? Well, do you know, mother, I couldn't help feeling when we came in as if Captain Edgcomb was the intruder. Perhaps that feeling will pass away."

"I hope so, I'm sure," Mrs. Ray murmured fervently.

Then they went down to dinner, and Jenifer had so many questions to ask about Moor Royal, and the region round it, that the time passed agreeably and quickly—for her.

A message had been sent by Mr. Boldero as soon as he entered the house to Mrs. Hatton, to the effect that he would call on her later in the evening. In reply, he had received a little note:

"DEAR JOHN,—Your visit will give me great pleasure. I have definite news to tell you at last. I suppose I ought to be overwhelmed with grief, but I am conscious of nothing but an overpowering sensation of peace when I tell you that I have had to-day authentic intelligence of my husband's death. You shall hear all to-night.—Yours always truly—"

She had written her note thus far when Ann, who stood by her, waiting for it, said sharply:

"Are you going to treat Mr. Boldero as the friend he is, and tell him all you think, dear missus, or are you only going to tell him what you told me after that man had been here to-day?"

"That is the latest—that is the only authentic intelligence I have to give him," Mrs. Hatton said, gently twisting her note up, unsigned as it was, in order that she might avert her head and avoid her old servant's gaze.

"Then if you believe it, ma'am, when shall I go out and order you widow's mourning?"

"Take that note, and don't—oh, pray don't torture me by going into ghastly details!"

"If what that man told you was true, you must wear widow's mourning, and someone must go out to order it for you," Ann said firmly. Then she took the note in to Mr. Boldero, and came back with the information that

"Captain Edgcomb is there, behaving as if he belonged there, as it's my belief he does; and Miss Jenifer's looking as if she liked talking to Mr. Boldero best."

"Ah!" Mrs. Hatton said impatiently, "I've other things to think about that are of more importance than Miss Jenifer's love-affairs."

It need only be told here that when Mr. Boldero's interview with his old friend Mrs. Hatton came to an end this evening, he left her with the firm conviction in his mind that she was justified in believing her husband to be dead.

"It's singular, though, that the man who is able to assure you of this fact should personally resemble your husband," he said reflectively, and Mrs. Hatton replied:

"It's more than singular, it's horrible! Can you remember much of Mr. Hatton?"

"To tell the truth, no," he said, fearing that though her husband had been a brute to her she would feel hurt with any one who after once seeing him had forgotten him.

"Perhaps, then, the likeness between Mr. Whittler, and my—and the late Mr. Hatton, would not strike you as it did me, even if you were to see him?"

She said these words in an almost inaudible voice, and he could not help being touched into thinking even better of her than he had ever thought before, by the evident emotion she felt in recalling her husband's memory, bad as he had been.

"You must remember that I saw so little of him, you mustn't think me either forgetful or careless when I confess to you that Mr. Hatton's personal appearance has passed from my memory altogether," he said kindly, and she had great difficulty in keeping back a gasping sigh of relief.

When he said good-night to her and went away, she placed herself in a low chair in the corner of the room that was most in shade, and rang the bell for Ann.

"Perhaps it will be well for you to see about getting those—those things for me to-morrow, Ann," she said. "Though he died long ago I must put on the signs of mourning for him now."

"And if I was you when I had put them on I would ask Mr. Whittler to come and see how you look in them. He ought to

have the satisfaction of knowing what store you set on his words."

"I never wish to see him again—never, never!" Mrs. Hatton sobbed, choosing to accept Ann's words as being spoken in sincerity rather than in sarcasm. Then she asked for her candle, and went away to bed, declining all offers of assistance from Ann.

That night she sobbed herself to sleep; but her tears were not for a dead husband!

In due time there came a box for Mrs. Hatton, with Josiah H. Whittler's compliments, for the first night of his appearance on the boards of an English theatre. Mrs. Hatton gave the box to Jenifer, and returned a note of thanks for it on paper with a deep black border. It was almost singular that when Mr. Josiah H. Whittler received this note, he almost whistled with amusement, and avowed to himself that the writer of it acted as well as he did himself.

As Jenifer happened to be seeing a good deal of Effie in these days, it came to pass that the group of four whom Mr. Whittler remarked with great interest in the box he had sent to Mrs. Hatton, were Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Ray, Jenifer, and Captain Edgecumb.

"That's the pretty girl I saw with her at Mrs. Campbell's collection," he thought, and he remembered that he had heard something about her intention of going on the boards—but what boards, whether musical or dramatic, he could not recall to mind. "I should like to have the training of her—with that face and figure, and my teaching, she'd do wonders," he told himself.

The reason of Jenifer's seeing a good deal of Effie in these days was as follows: The date of the concert which Miss Ray—assisted by Madame Voglio, Madame Mellini, etc.—was to give by kind permission of Mrs. Jervoise at the house of the latter, was finally fixed. Invitations by the score were issued, and in justice to Mrs. Jervoise and Effie, it must be said that they both worked with their most unceasing wills to secure a success.

Mrs. Jervoise spent a moderate fortune on tickets herself, and lavished them freely on the most fashionable people she knew.

Her spacious drawing-rooms were turned into a concert-room. Madame Voglio (who thought Jenifer's appearance premature, but who took the goods the gods gave her) was coaxed into consenting to accompany her pupil, the débutante, in two songs of her own (Madame Voglio's) composition. Madame Mellini, who was a world-renowned syren, the soul of good-nature, and had additionally around her the halo which is apt to be about the teachers of royalty, had consented to sing without any coaxing. Several promising professionals, late pupils of Madame Voglio's, gave their services. Mrs. Jervoise secured the presence of a lady, without whose presence everything in London that season was voted "a flat failure." Banks of flowers were to rise on either side of the guests from the moment they entered the house until they reached the concert-room. A banquet was to be given after the concert to all such of the performers, and as many of the inner circle of Mrs. Jervoise's most intimate friends as could be prevailed upon to stay. Everything, in short, that could have been done by enthusiastic, spasmodic partizanship had been done for Jenifer.

"She is to be a success, I've set my heart on it; and she will be a success, won't she?" Mrs. Jervoise would say to Madame Voglio, and madame would wave her plump white hands, and shake her head, and reply:

"Well, well, it will be a success in your house, but she should have waited, she should have waited——"

"Till when?" Mrs. Jervoise interposed sharply.

"Till I told her she had no need to study and wait any longer," Madame Voglio said, rearing her comically plain head and face up in a way that was more tragic than could have been effected by severe regular beauty; "but, perhaps, if she had waited—— Poor child, I cannot tell."

On Tuesday, November the 13th,  
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# ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,

*Supported solely by Voluntary Contributions.*



## LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.

SEATON CAREW, CO. DURHAM.—On the 11th March, at about 8.30 P.M., during a violent gale from the N.E., accompanied by thick snow-showers and a very heavy sea, signals of distress were exhibited from the Long Scar Rocks off this place. The Seaton Carew Life-boat was at once launched, and proceeded in the direction indicated, but no trace of any wreck could be found. HENRY HOOD, the coxswain of the Life-boat, and one of the crew, named JOHN FRANKLIN, then determined to land on the reef and make a thorough search for it, as it was impossible to take the Life-boat among the rocks in the darkness. With much difficulty and danger, the sea breaking heavily over them, and the coxswain on one occasion being washed off the rocks, they at last discovered the wreck, and being afterwards joined by another of the Life-boatmen, MATTHEW FRANKLIN, they, after many ineffectual attempts, succeeded in throwing the heaving line over the stern. Just as this was accomplished, HOOD heard a voice, and seeing some dark object in the surf, he rushed into the sea, and, with the aid of his companions, rescued a man, who proved to be the mate of the vessel, in a most exhausted condition. They then hailed the wreck, and the remaining four men, by means of the communicating line, were got on to the rocks. The rescuers and the rescued now made for the Life-boat; after a perilous journey across the rocks, which were being swept by the sea, they at last reached it, and pulled for the shore, which was made in safety about half an hour after midnight. The wrecked vessel was the schooner *Atlas*, of Drammen, bound thence to Sunderland. She broke up very soon after the crew had been rescued.

Her Majesty the Queen subsequently conferred the decoration of the Albert Medal of the Second Class on Mr. HENRY HOOD, in recognition of his most gallant conduct on this occasion, and the Institution also awarded its Silver Medal to him, and also to the two FRANKLINS.

HOLYHEAD.—On the morning of the 30th March it was reported that a barque was ashore on Cymeran Beach, with all hands in the fore

rigging, the vessel having sunk, and her main-mast having been carried away, during a heavy S.S.W. gale. The Rhosneigr Life-boat went to her assistance, but being disabled by the breaking of several rowing crutches, was compelled to return to the shore, one of the boat's crew being on the way washed overboard by a heavy sea, and rescued with some difficulty. The Holyhead Life-boat was then launched, and at about 11 o'clock was taken in tow by the s.s. *George Elliot* to the N.W. of the South Stack. Here the Life-boat was cast off, and proceeded under canvas until about 12.30, when she fell in with the steam-tug *Challenger*, by which she was towed in the direction of the stranded vessel. Owing, however, to the heavy sea, the tug could not go within a mile of the wreck, and the Life-boat, being obliged to continue her course under oars, made three fruitless attempts to reach the vessel, owing to the broken water and the heavy surf. As the wind was rising, and there was no place to beach the boat, she was obliged to return to Holyhead. Other unsuccessful attempts to reach the vessel were subsequently made by the Rhosneigr Life-boat, but they failed, and endeavours to rescue the shipwrecked men by means of the rocket apparatus also proved unavailing. As the Rhosneigr men were reported to be exhausted by their exertions, it was suggested that the Holyhead crew should proceed to Rhosneigr and try to get to the vessel in that Life-boat. An application was accordingly made to the railway authorities for a special engine, which was at once granted, and the Holyhead crew were thus conveyed to the spot nearest to the wreck. It was now quite dark, and the men had scarcely any knowledge of the position of hidden rocks on that coast, but they nevertheless gallantly took the boat out, succeeded in reaching the wrecked vessel, and in rescuing the twenty men who were on board.

The Silver Medal of the Institution was presented to Mr. THOMAS ROBERTS, coxswain of the Holyhead Life-boat, and the thanks of the Institution, inscribed on vellum, with an extra pecuniary reward to each of his crew, in consideration of their heroic exertions.

Page 1.

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# ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

SUPPORTED SOLELY BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patroness—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

President—His Grace the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, P.C., D.C.L.

Chairman—EDWARD BIRKBECK, Esq., M.P., V.P.

Deputy Chairman—Colonel FITZ-ROY CLATTON.

## Services of the Life-boats of the Institution from the 1st January to the 31st October, 1883.

<i>Admiral Prinz Adalbert</i> , barque, of Dantzic..... 2	<i>Filey</i> fishing yawls—rendered assistance.....	<i>Nancy</i> , boat, of Holy Island—saved boat and..... 5
<i>Annie</i> , smack, of Port Dinorwic..... 3	<i>Flora</i> , brigantine, of Salcombe... 6	<i>Nanteos</i> , schooner, of Aberystwyth 4
<i>Annie Hope</i> , steamer, of Leith... 6	<i>Flora</i> , flat, of Runcorn—saved vessel and..... 3	<i>Nellie</i> , schooner, of Bridgewater—remained by vessel.
<i>Arab</i> , barque, of Apennine—assisted to save vessel and..... 15	<i>Frens</i> , smack, of Beaumaris.... 3	<i>Norman Court</i> , barque, of Greenock..... 20
<i>Argo</i> , barque, of Sunderland—rendered assistance.....	<i>Galera</i> , barque, of Glasgow—rendered assistance.....	<i>Nuncio</i> , ship, of Yarmouth, N.S. 21
<i>Atlas</i> , schooner, of Drammen... 5	<i>Georgia</i> , barque, of Fiume..... 13	<i>Orange Blossom</i> , ketch, of Jersey—rendered assistance.
<i>Bacchus</i> , smack, of Nantes... 3	<i>Good Intent</i> , schooner, of King's Lynn—rendered assistance.....	<i>Pioneer</i> , dandy, of Lowestoft—rendered assistance.
<i>Barnesley</i> , s.s., of Grimsby—remained by vessel.	<i>Governor Loch</i> , of Inverness... 4	<i>Port Isaac</i> fishing cobles—saved four boats and..... 7
<i>Bavington</i> , schooner, of Maryport 5	<i>Henning</i> , barque, of Harlingen... 10	<i>Rome</i> , Norwegian barque..... 14
<i>Bella</i> , of Wick..... 6	<i>Henry</i> , ship, of St. John, N.B.... 5	<i>Rosebud</i> , schooner, of Goole..... 4
<i>Bridlington</i> fishing-boat—rendered assistance.	<i>Hephzibah</i> , schooner, of Carnarvon 5	<i>Samaritan</i> , fishing-boat, of Newbiggin..... 5
<i>Brothers</i> , barque, of Yarmouth, N.S.—assisted to save vessel and..... 12	<i>Hope</i> , schooner, of Ryde..... 4	<i>Slaney</i> , schooner, of Wexford... 3
<i>Cadgwith</i> , steam launch of—rendered assistance.	<i>Ina Lass</i> , smack, of Newquay—saved vessel and..... 4	<i>Spring</i> , brig, of Guernsey..... 9
<i>Charity</i> , fishing-boat, of Newbiggin..... 6	<i>Isabella</i> , barque, of Drammen... 8	<i>Spring</i> , cutter, of Guernsey... 3
<i>China</i> , barque, of Poregrund.... 10	<i>Isis</i> , steamer, of Newcastle—rendered assistance.	<i>Terena</i> , schooner, of Weymouth... 4
<i>Congo</i> , s.s., of Cardiff—rendered assistance.	<i>Janet Thompson</i> , fishing boat, of Newbiggin..... 7	<i>Thalia</i> , yawl..... 5
<i>Cuyuni</i> , barque, of Glasgow.... 14	<i>J. B. S.</i> , brig, of London—rendered assistance.	<i>Thomas and John</i> , ketch, of Powey 3
<i>Danmark</i> , barque, of Dragor—assisted to save vessel and.... 12	<i>John Royle</i> , schooner, of Chester. 4	<i>Tony Krommann</i> , schooner, of Portmadoc—rendered assistance.
<i>Dare</i> , brigantine, of Sunderland—assisted to save vessel and.... 6	<i>Khedive</i> , barque, of Hartlepool—assisted to save vessel and.... 12	<i>Tranmere</i> , barque, of Liverpool. 13
<i>Daring</i> , yawl, of Ballycotton—saved vessel and..... 6	<i>Lewis</i> , brig, of Carnarvon—remained by vessel.	<i>Victor</i> , brig, of Neustadt—remained by vessel.
<i>Don</i> , schooner, of Aberdeen—assisted to save vessel and..... 5	<i>Libelle</i> , steamer, of Hamburg... 29	<i>Vicuna</i> , barquentine, of Hull... 9
<i>Etique</i> , schooner, of Dundee.... 4	<i>London</i> , ketch, of Jersey—rendered assistance.	<i>Wellesley</i> , smack, of Scarborough—rendered assistance.
<i>Eden</i> , s.s., of West Hartlepool—rendered assistance.	<i>Loreley</i> , barque, of Memel..... 11	<i>Whitby</i> fishing-cobles—rendered assistance.
<i>Eleonore</i> , brig, of Fensberg.... 7	<i>Lynx</i> , s.s., of Cardiff—assisted to save vessel and..... 7	<i>Wilhelmina</i> , smack, of Hamburg assisted to save vessel and.... 39
<i>Elite</i> , Norwegian barque..... 9	<i>Magdalen</i> , of Inverness..... 4	<i>William and Martha</i> ..... 3
<i>Emerald Isle</i> , trawler, of Whitehaven..... 4	<i>Margaret</i> , barque, of Christiania—remained near vessel.	<i>William Cloues</i> , yawl, of Filey... 6
<i>Emma</i> , schooner, of Jersey..... 5	<i>Margaret Gunn</i> , fishing boat, of Wick..... 7	<i>William Henry</i> , schooner, of Carnarvon..... 3
<i>Enigma</i> , schooner, of Port St. Mary..... 5	<i>Maria</i> , schooner, of Granville... 2	<i>William Miles</i> , barque, of London 12
<i>Ennismore</i> , steamer, of Peterhead—assisted to save vessel and... 10	<i>Marnhull</i> , brig, of Weymouth... 6	<i>Wonder</i> , brigantine, of Swansea—saved vessel and..... 6
<i>Epsilon</i> , barque, of Swansea—rendered assistance.	<i>Marquis</i> , schooner, of Anglesea, saved vessel and..... 4	<i>Young Alice</i> , dandy, of Scarborough 5
<i>Euphemia Fullarton</i> , schooner, of Londonderry..... 6	<i>Mary Coad</i> , schooner, of Port Isaac—rendered assistance.	
<i>Falcon</i> , smack, of Great Yarmouth—saved vessel and.... 7	<i>Mary Josephine</i> , schooner.... 3	
<i>Favourite</i> , fishing lugger, of Wexford..... 6	<i>Mary</i> , schooner, of Haugesund... 6	
<i>Fides</i> , schooner, of Nyborg—rendered assistance.	<i>Mary Tweedie</i> , ketch, of Berwick 2	
	<i>Milo</i> , brigantine, of Brixham—remained by vessel.	
	<i>Minnie Flossie</i> , ketch, of Milford 3	
	<i>Miss Fritchard</i> , schooner, of Carnarvon..... 6	
	<i>Montrose</i> fishing-boats—rendered assistance.	

Total lives saved by Life-boats in 1883 (to Oct. 31st), in addition to Twenty vessels.....559

During the same period the Institution granted rewards for saving lives by fishing and other boats 213

Total of lives saved from the 1st Jan. to the 31st Oct. 1883... 777

The number of lives saved either by the Life-boats of the Institution, or by special exertions for which it has granted rewards, since its formation, is 30,385; for which services 97 Gold Medals, 964 Silver Medals and £73,000 in cash have been granted as rewards.

It should be specially noted that the Life-boat crews, excepting when remunerated by the owners of vessels for property salvage services, are paid by the Institution for their efforts, whether successful or not, in saving life.

The average expense of a Life-boat Station is £1,000, which includes £250 for the Life-boat and her equipment, including Life-belts for the crew, and Transporting-carriage for the Life-boat, and £350 for the Boat-house, (average cost). The approximate annual expense of maintaining a Life-boat Station is £70.

Donations and Annual Subscriptions are thankfully received by the Bankers of the Institution, Messrs. COOPER AND CO., 59 Strand; Messrs. HERRIES, FARQUHAR, AND CO., 16 St. James's Street; Messrs. HOARE, 37 Fleet Street, London; by all the other Bankers in the United Kingdom; by all the Life-boat Branches; and by the Secretary, CHARLES DIBDIN, Esq., at the Institution, 14 JOHN STREET, ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.—November, 1883.